



i a m
n o t h
- i n g

\$ 1

issue 1



i am nothing

all words and photos
by phillip dwyer
unless noted
otherwise

cover art by
francis bacon

i judge others by what they
consume. i admit it is
wrong, but it is just the way i
am. i've got the straight
edge. it pulses through my
veins like the drugs i've
grown to despise. go ahead
and laugh...it does sound
funny, but that's the way it
is. i've lost quite a few
friends because of this
damned X. sure, personally
it has helped me out in many
ways. but as far as
relationships go, it has
destroyed me.

this is not a zine to praise the
glories of straight edge. i
will not ram facts into your
head. i will not try and
enforce my beliefs on you or
anyone. i would, however,
like to strongly urge
everyone to look into a drug
free lifestyle and a
vegetarian/vegan diet.

- phillip dwyer

thanks to all of my friends
who helped me out and
contributed.

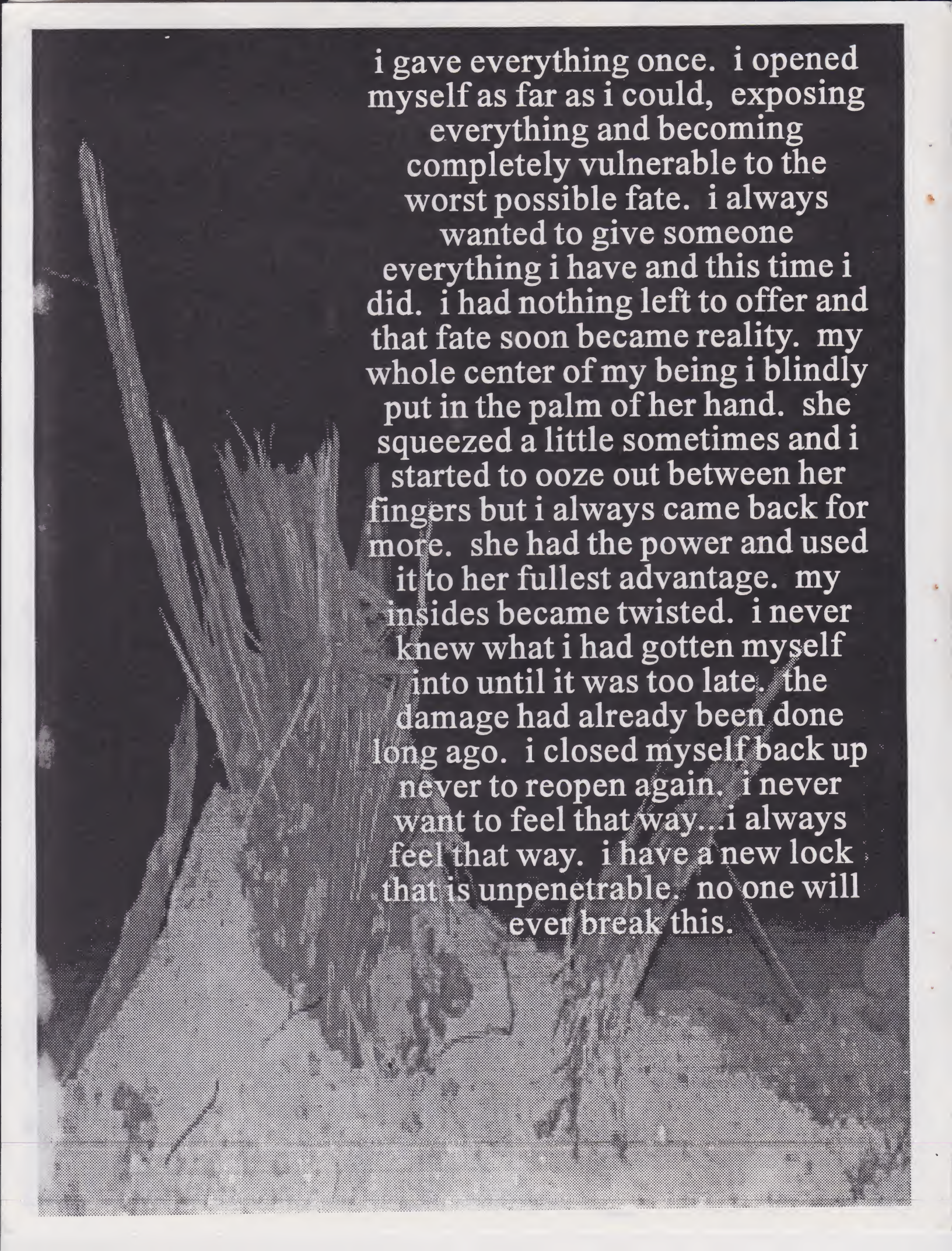
if you would like to get in
touch with me:
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marietta, georgia 30062

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thank you



choked

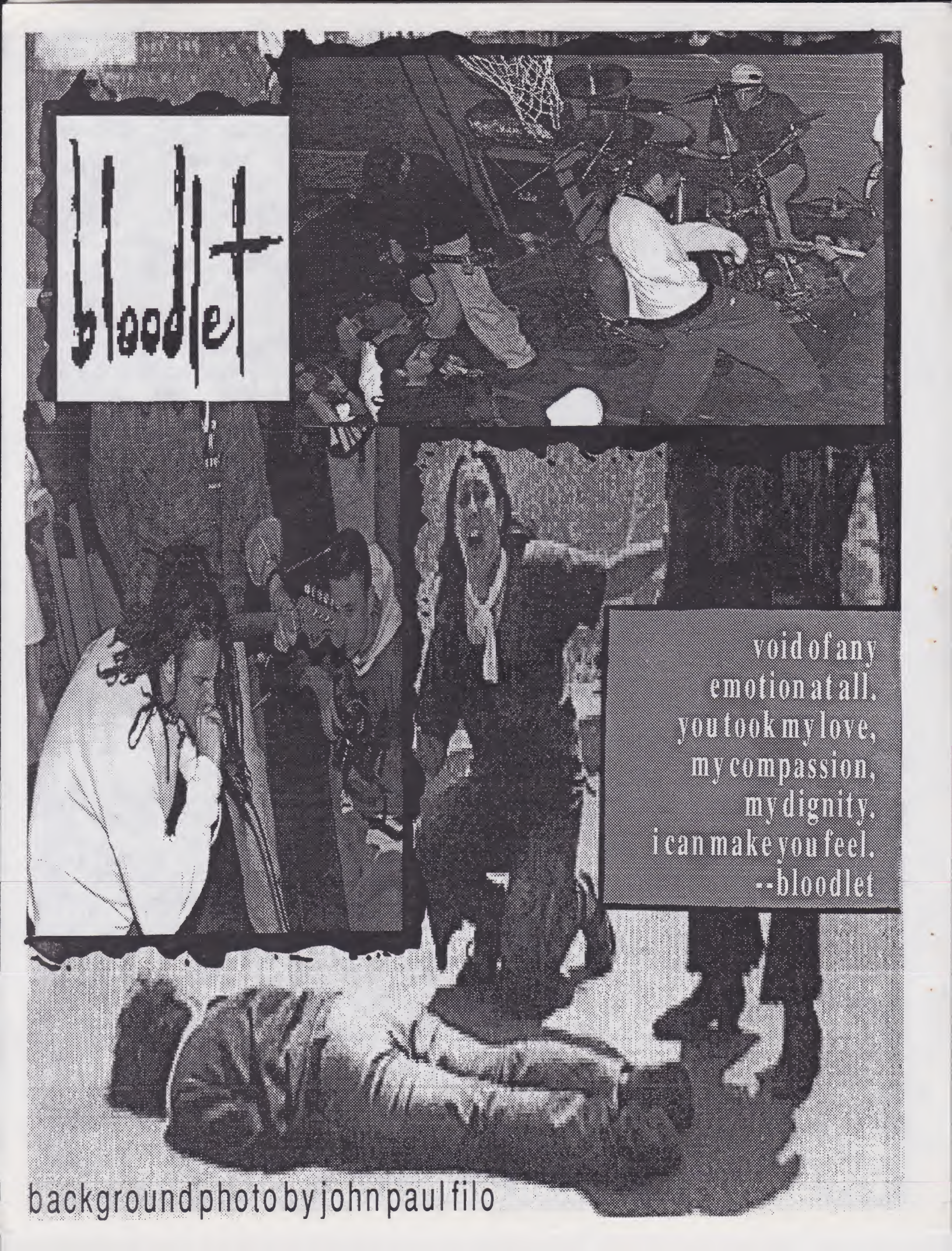


i gave everything once. i opened myself as far as i could, exposing everything and becoming completely vulnerable to the worst possible fate. i always wanted to give someone everything i have and this time i did. i had nothing left to offer and that fate soon became reality. my whole center of my being i blindly put in the palm of her hand. she squeezed a little sometimes and i started to ooze out between her fingers but i always came back for more. she had the power and used it to her fullest advantage. my insides became twisted. i never knew what i had gotten myself into until it was too late. the damage had already been done long ago. i closed myself back up never to reopen again. i never want to feel that way...i always feel that way. i have a new lock that is unpenetrable. no one will ever break this.



i give up (i gave up along
time ago). she will never be
the one i want. i can't take
this anymore. too much
doubt. too many regrets.
pain is all i feel. i've
learned to patch it up but
the seams sometimes
loosen. it creeps out time
and time again. i don't
want to worry so much
anymore. i don't want to
think up things to say to
make her like me anymore.
i don't want to have to deal
with other people's
whispers anymore. i don't
want to dream about the
wouldve's, shouldve's and
couldve's anymore. i don't
want to feel anymore. i
lost. i've been losing ever
since i started but this is it.
this is the last failure. i
have no more tears. i have
nothing left to give. i've lost
it all. my strength comes
from loneliness. it's all i
know and it's what i thrive
on. i don't know what
happened with her. all i
know is that i'm done. my
expectations can never be
reached. i felt like i was
supposed to like her
because she liked me. i
took it up because i thought
the time would never come
again. i just don't care
anymore.

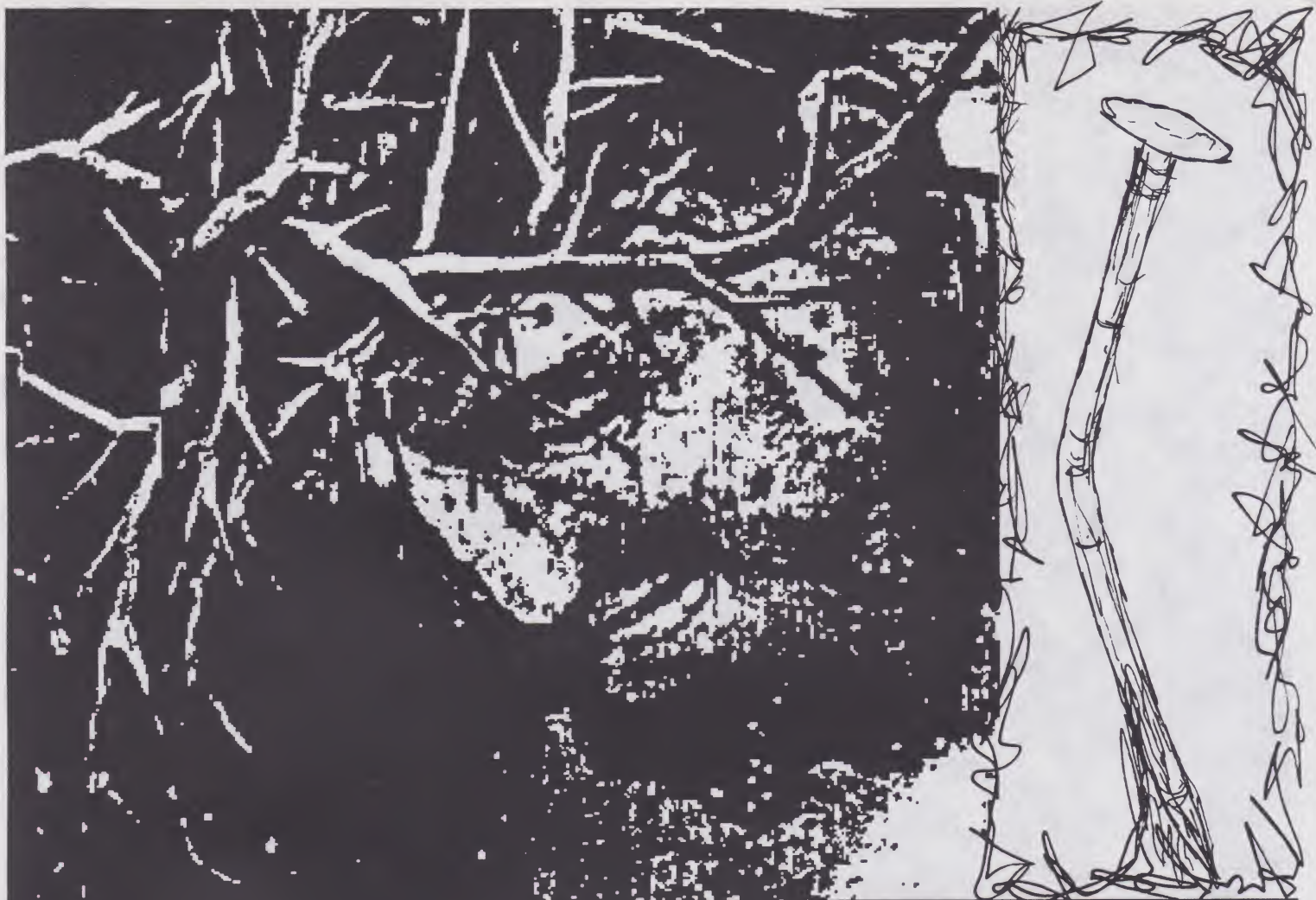
art by francis bacon



bloodlet

void of any
emotion at all.
you took my love,
my compassion,
my dignity.
i can make you feel.
--bloodlet

background photo by john paul filo



i never really thought of myself as being religious. as a child i never understood the importance of attending church. i was yelled at numerous times for not putting any money in the dish as it passed by me. quite frankly, it bored me. i couldn't then, and still don't praise some "higher" being. what has "he" ever done for me? all i see is pain and suffering. i drown in my own misery. the funny thing is, i seem to pray for things all the time. i pray that one day i'll live in happiness. i pray that i won't have to worry so much. i pray that all the pain will cease. i pray for my friends and loved ones. who am i praying to? the "man" who i'm supposed to be praying to obviously has no ears because "he" doesn't hear a damn thing. some say if i believed, all the happiness i could ever hope for would come upon me. well i know of countless people who "believe" and most of them are suffering the same as me. who am i praying to? i'd like to think i'm praying to myself. i am the only person i need to "believe" in.

i called her...
i know he's there. i can tell by the way she speaks.
he's sitting where i used to sit, next to the phone,
wondering who she's talking to. i heard there was
someone new. i didn't expect her to be alone. i
wanted her to feel the same way i do. i wanted to
hear some leftover pain in the back of her throat.
i can almost hear him breathing.
i know he's there.



photo: converge



Iceburn

...and it's the dwelling - on the would've,
should've, could've but didn'ts, that turns my
hand to a fist, strikes the stone to the flint, the
igniting spark that engulfs my soul in it's fire.
- iceburn

LOVE IS CRAZY-ASS-SHIT

by joe myers

let me tell you about my big problem. there is this one girl(marsha) i have been attracted to ever since i met her. she was a freshman and i was a junior in high school. i thought she was attractive but didn't really think much of it because i didn't really know her. 2 years later she gets a job at the same place that i work at and we become good friends. she goes through problems with her boyfriend(greg) and they break up. at about this time i was dating this other girl(also named marsha) and when i was having problems and when it was over she helped me get through it. that was when i realized how attracted i was towards her. then she starts going after another person we work with (mike) and she becomes obsessed with him. it pisses me off because he didn't give a shit about her, and i gave a big shit about her. after some trouble with mike, she forgot about him and started dating greg again. i couldn't believe it!! needless to say, i was hurt. the new thing with greg didn't last very long. that is when we started dating. it was so great, but the ecstasy only lasted a few days. she had talked to the other marsha about me and she(marsha #2) fed her some bullshit about me getting too serious and some other shit. so she confronted me and asked if i wanted to date other people. i told her no(enormous mistake) because i don't feel you can have a mature relationship and actually love someone while dating other people. well then we got in this big argument and it ended up me losing big time, and her deciding that we should just be friends. i was devastated. i was so angry and upset i just sat around for a week and did absolutely nothing but mope and be sad. then a week later she tells me she is dating this new guy(peter). after about a month of them dating, with her never going out with anyone else, they become an exclusive couple. i was so fucking pissed(see my big mistake). so now they have been dating for about ten months and marsha and i have remained friends. she tells me all of her boyfriend problems and when i hear them, they are always something that i would do the way she would want them. so finally i mustered up the courage to write her a letter(some courage, i'm a wimp) and tell her how much i love her. before i give her the note she tells me she is attracted to someone. then she told me who it was, it wasn't me and it wasn't peter. it was someone else that i knew(bobby). i was enraged. i gave her the note and she responded saying she was still very much in love with peter, which is complete bullshit because i know if bobby asked her out she would dump peter in a second. as it turns out bobby is not attracted to marsha in the same way that she is attracted to him, but that is beside the point. also about the note she said she still just thought of us as friends and maybe someday we might get together. so that is where i am now. when i wrote the letter to her i was not expecting her to break up with her boyfriend. i wrote the letter because i could not keep my feelings for her inside anymore. i had to tell her. i also wanted to find out how

she felt about me. that is where my surprise came. i was hoping that she would have told me that she kind of felt the same towards me but since she had a boyfriend she could do nothing about it. that would have been great. then i would have known that she cared about me and that is all that matters. but that is not how it turned out. after our final incident she told me that i am too nice to her and it made her uncomfortable.

i wish she would have told me along time ago. i just felt that she has a rough time most of the time and she deserves to be treated nice. all i ever wanted was for her to be happy. she complains a lot about her boyfriend and they fight a lot, so i figured that i would be better for her. i guess maybe i'm wrong, but i know i would treat her better and we would not fight as much as they do. some people may ask why i care so much about a girl who may not seem that interested. well i have known her for a long time and we are very good friends. i feel being good friends is a basis for a relationship because it shows that you get along and you can spend a lot of time together without getting tired of each other. since i am such good friends with her i know what kind of person she is. she is perfect for me. she has a great personality, she is very nice, she is respectful, we get along great, we have many common interests, and she is very beautiful. what more could anyone ask for? the answer for me would be nothing! well that is my story. that is my pathetic story of how shitty my life is. the names of everyone have been changed to those of the brady bunch family to protect the innocent(or guilty depending on how you look at it). wish me good luck or death.

joe myers



grip

grip
the
the

the human chest
the human chest

when will you realize...
i am totally gone.
--grip



shatter



bound

THERE WAS A LOVE

On the day we left,
a letter reached my hands.
Its intent was plain to see,
but my mind dismissed it,
for fear of the past.

There was a love there,
an interest that
I was afraid to acknowledge,
for fear of the past.

Time wound on.
I realized my feelings
as hers died down.
I couldn't act now
for fear of the past.

Months of tension and
fear and doubt and hope
plagued my mind
but i dare not speak it
for fear of my past.

Confrontation
words, solemn, spoken to the
one i had grown to love.
Alas, they came too late,
for the love that was there
was no longer.

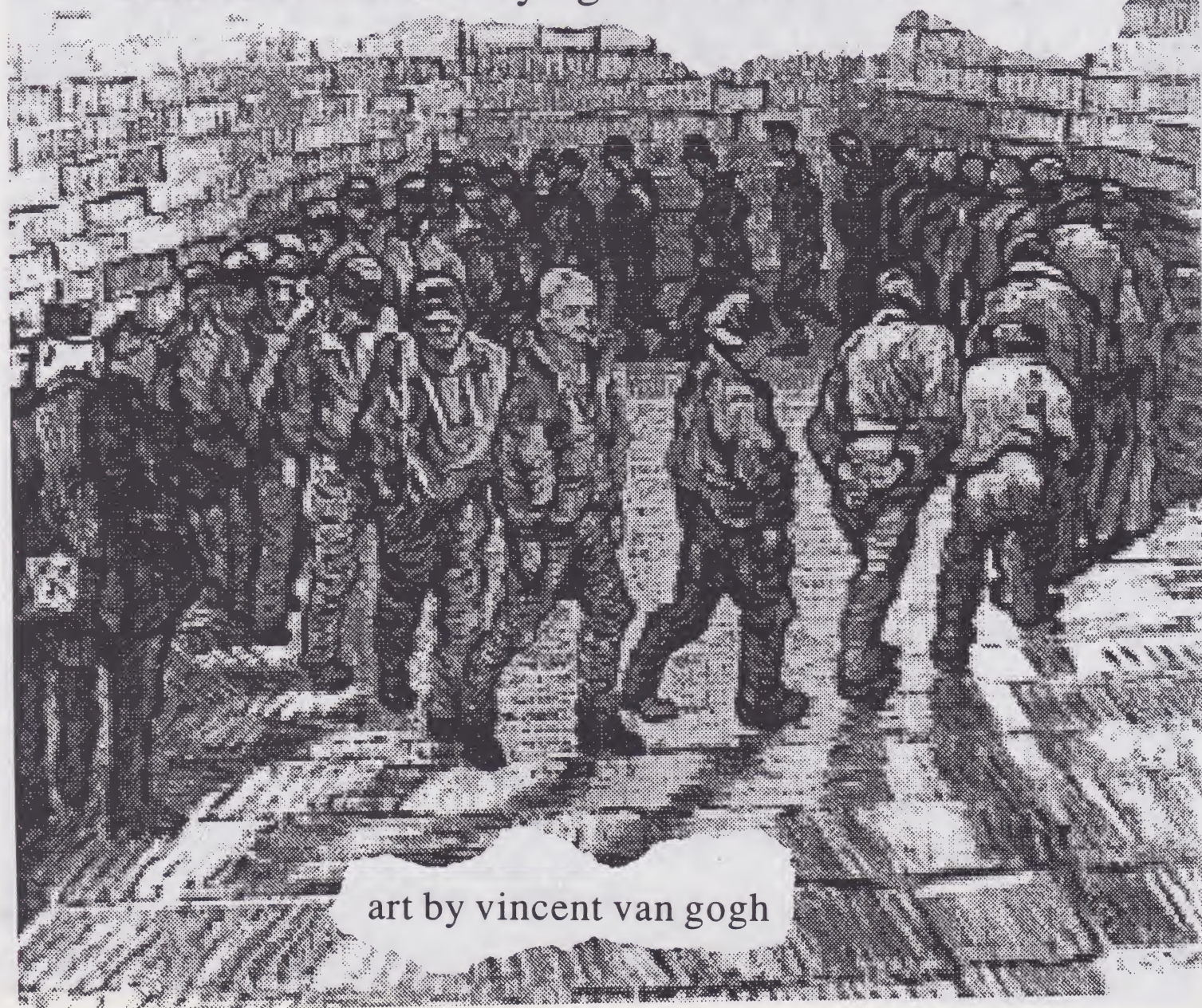
Two nights of sheer
happiness
found its way to my life.
Followed by seven of terror
only to be put to rest
by the words i longed to hear
to dispell my fear of the past.

Four more of wonder and thought
culminated in the night I
feared would come to me.
There was a love, she said,
but it was no longer.


Days of fear, hope, confusion,
realization.
The feeling of love has incredible
power over the body,
a lesson i have learned all too well.

There was a love, she said,
but it was no longer.
Had i only put my fear of the past
aside,
that love might have been now stronger.

the circle never stops. one failure after another.
i keep telling myself next time will be different,
i'll say everything i should have before, i'll do
it all right. next time turns into last time. the
circle never stops. i want so much more. if i
could only ask i could have it all but it is so
hard to say. the closer i get, the more i deny my
true feelings. next time i'll do it right. i don't
want to feel this way again. next time, i swear.



art by vincent van gogh



going places alone is wonderful, going to
shows and looking at all the people and
flattering yourself by thinking they're
wondering why the hell you're there alone but
you're really there alone because you don't
even like any of them though you almost can
if you don't talk to them and just look at them
and let yourself think maybe they're like me
so then you get tired of being lonely and you
talk to one of them and maybe they just ignore
you and you get depressed for a while but
nothing changes but maybe they think that
you're really kind of cool and the next thing
you know you're wondering why have i been
hanging out with this person so much lately
they were so much more interesting before i
knew them but no most of the time it's like
that smiths song that quicksand covers "you
go and stand on your own and you leave on
your own and you go home and you cry and
you want to die."

--words by matt gambino

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CONVERGE

i used to think that straight edge actually meant something. i used to have such high hopes for what could be accomplished. within the past year most of these hopes were crushed when i found out how demoralized it has become. it is not fashion. it is not a dance form. it is not a mark on the hand. it is not an outlet for hate. it is not a set of rules. it is not a style of music. it is not a product. it is not a joke.



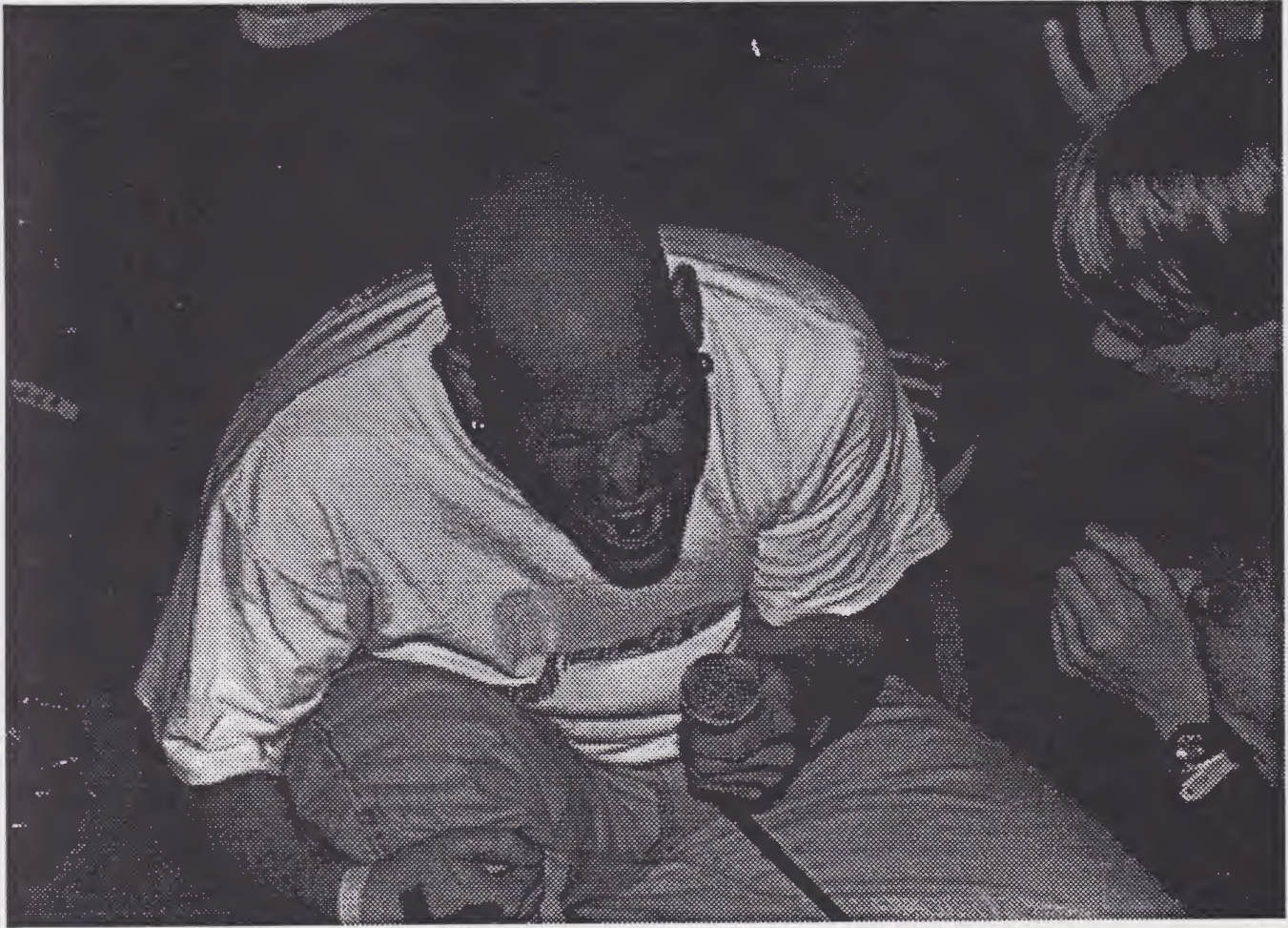
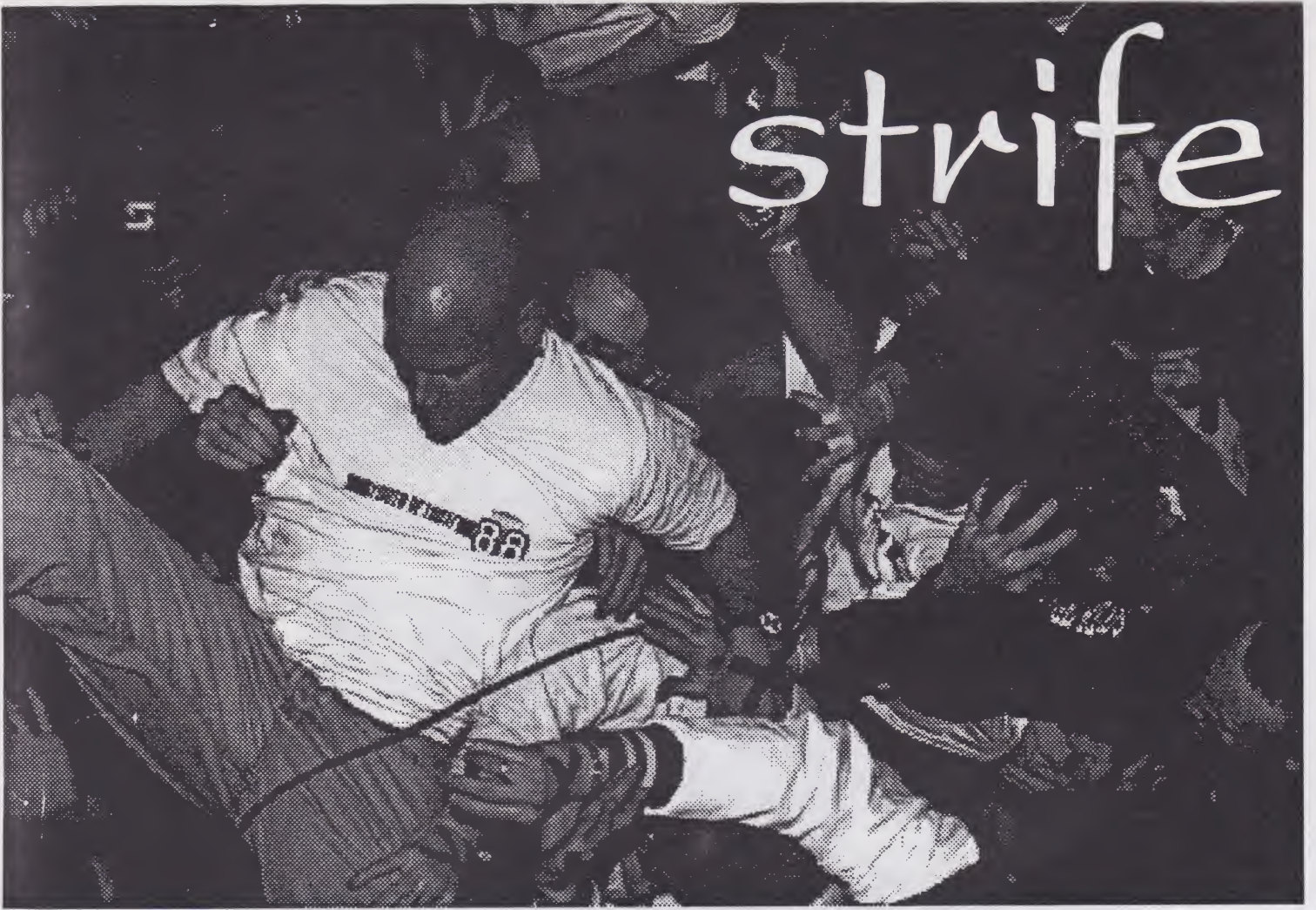
here's some extra photos of
chokehold and snapcase.
i just thought you might like to
see them.



my hands tighten around the rubber grips as i stare down the long strip of black tar. i lick my lips with excitement. the two of hearts is taped firmly between the spokes and the tassles on the handle bars are flowing in the breeze. i let out one last deep breath and place my foot in the proper position. i push and push and push to gain as much speed as possible, but i need more. peddle faster...faster. i can feel the wind in my hair. it is almost time. i need more speed. i unzip my jacket and it becomes a cape behind me. i need more speed...faster...faster. tears start to form out of the corners of my eyes and i can almost feel them touch my ears. i slowly let go of the handle bars and stretch my wings as far out as they can possibly go. i flew...i really flew. the excitement was unbearable as my ten years of life swept past my eyes. i felt everything. i knew what it was all about for that brief instant. now at the age of twenty i'm beginning to wonder if it is possible to ever fly again. i dream about it sometimes...the wind...but my wings are broken. i'd give the world to go back to those days. i had no worries. i didn't have this planet of regret resting on my shoulders. all that mattered was the day...and how much you could fit in it. sunlight was the only way to tell time. my life was geared around living that single day. now all i can think of is yesterday and tomorrow. i worry about if i did the right thing yesterday and what's going to happen to me tomorrow. i have no time to play...no time to live.

will i ever fly again? i hope so. my wings will someday heal and i'll have to learn to fly all over again. i'll do it higher than i ever thought imaginable. i'll be untouchable. someday i'll live again.

strife



here's some more action photos.
can you count the x's boys and girls?

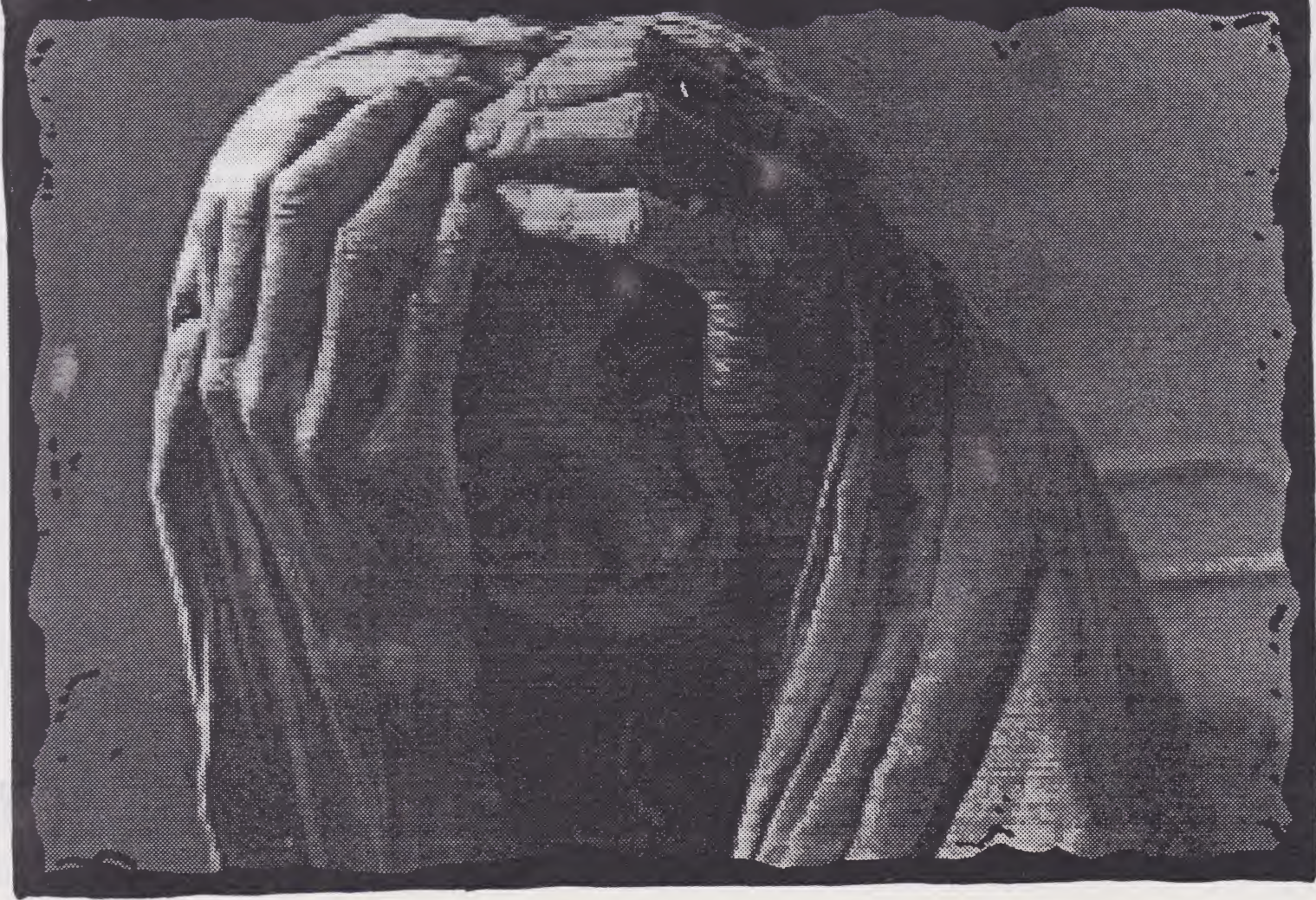
i just wanted to say "i love you." i'll probably never be able to say it in person so i'm saying it right now. if you ever read this, you know who you are. i should have said it a long time ago. i should have done alot of things a lomg time ago. i've never been the one to make the "first move." the whole idea of it scares me, but someone has to do it. i don't have enough self-confidence. i don't want to get hurt again.



is it that obvious that i'm completely terrified of you? i must look like such an idiot. i subconsciously avoid you when you are all i ever think about.

silence = death

someday she's going to read this. she probably won't even know it's about her. she's going to read it and probably not even understand. i don't even understand. other people are going to read this and ask "why." i did it for her. i did it for me. i wanted her to know what i went through, what i'm still going through. it probably doesn't mean a damn thing to her, but it means the world to me. it probably doesn't mean a damn thing to you.



OVERCAST



just seeing you . . .
bothers me, . . .
affecting me down .
to my breathe, i can
only keep my . . .
patience for so long,
how can i look at
you, there's nothing
left. . . .
--overcast



This is what
I dream about.

This is what
I'll never get.

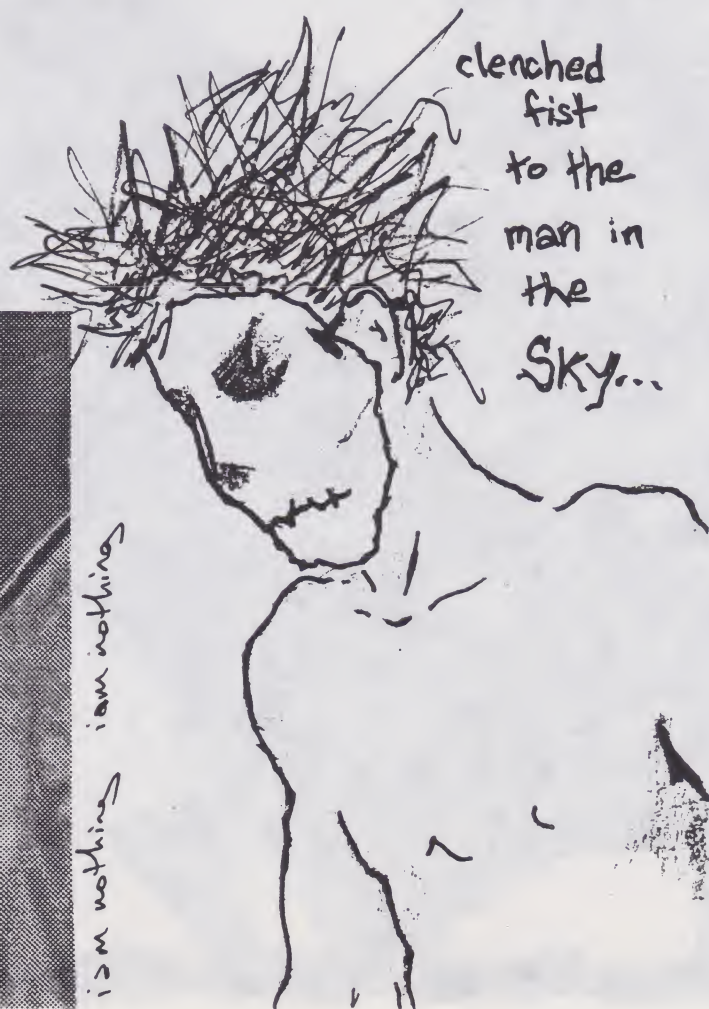


Most of the photographs contained
in here were taken at the sXe
festival in New Bedford over
New Year's Eve.

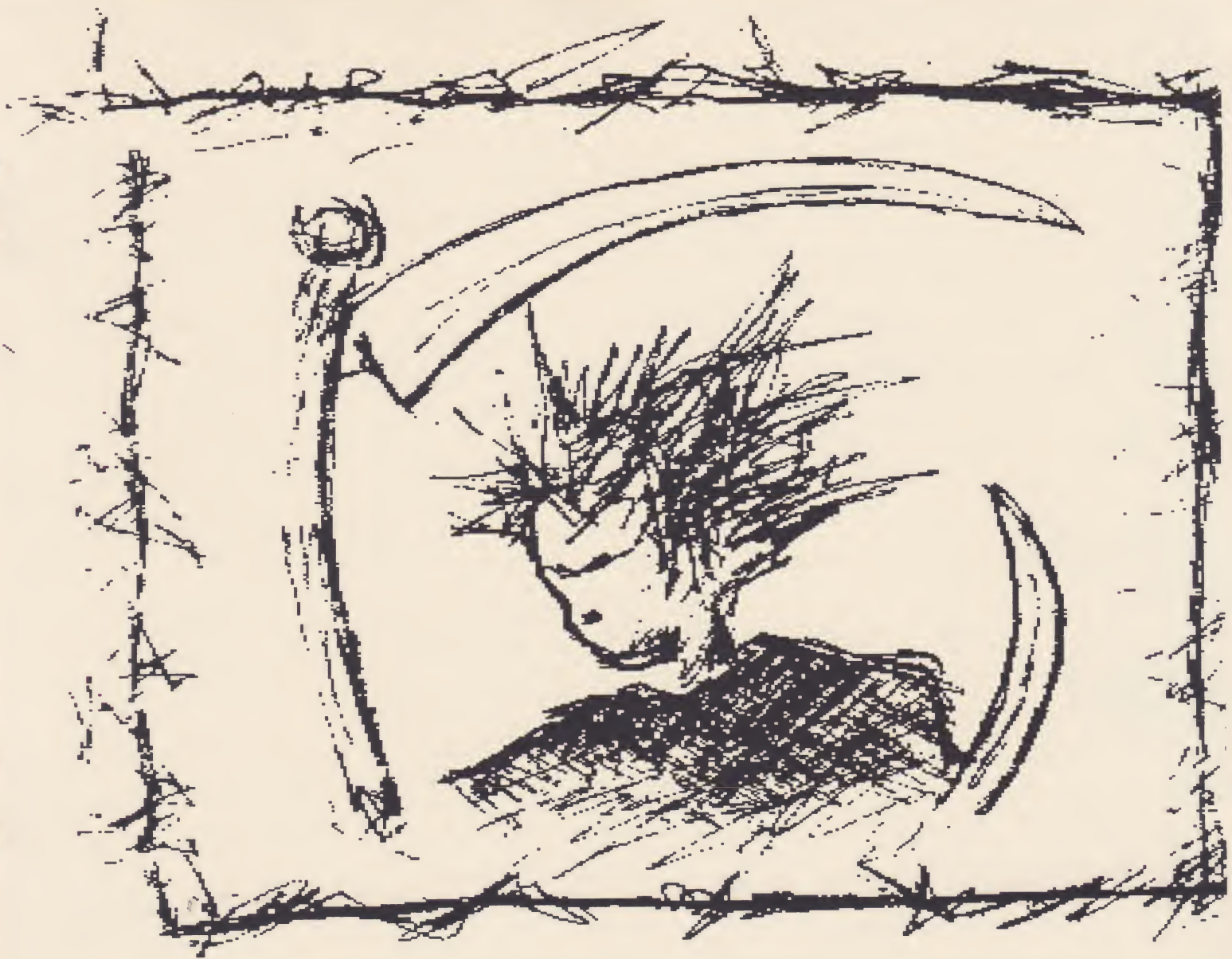
Issue no.2 will be out sometime
in the summer and will contain
tons more photos as well as
all this personal babble.

Thanks for taking the
time to read.

i am nothing i am nothing



i am nothing i am nothing



i am not a poet. i wanted to try and express myself in
a different way. i seem to be obsessed with this
thing people call love. i don't really know how to
give it and i certainly don't know how to receive it. i
simply wanted to try something new. i don't really
know if it worked. you tell me. i never expected you
to relate or even understand. i only wanted you to
know.

i am nothing
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i am nothing



send to:

all contributions, photos,
thoughts, and mail are
more than welcome for
the second issue.
thanks for reading.